

# To The Shade of Washington

By RICHARD ALSOP.

[From "A Poem: Sacred to the Memory of George Washington, Late President," etc., written in the year 1800.]

**E**XALTED Chief—in thy superior mind  
What vast resources, what various talents joined!  
Tempered with social virtue's milder rays,  
Thine patriot worth diffused a purer blaze;  
Formed to command respect, esteem in-  
spire,  
Midst statesmen grave, or midst the social  
choir,  
With equal skill the sword or pen to wield,  
In council great, unequalled in the field,  
Mid glittering courts or rural walks to  
please,  
Polite with grandeur, dignified with ease;  
Before the splendors of thy high renown  
How faded the glow worm lusters of a crown,  
How sink diminished in that radiance lost  
The glare of conquest, and of power the  
boast.  
Let Greece her Alexander's deeds proclaim,  
Or Caesar's triumphs gild the Roman name,  
Stripped of the dazzling glare around them  
cast,  
Shrinks at their crime humanity aghast;  
With equal claim to honor's glorious meed  
See Attila his course of havoc lead!  
O'er Asia realms, in one vast ruin hurled,  
See furious Zingis' bloody flag unfurled,  
On base far different from the conqueror's  
claim  
Rears the unscathed column of thy fame;  
His on the woes of millions proudly based,  
With blood cemented and with tears de-  
faced;  
Thine on a nation's welfare fixed sublime,  
By freedom strengthened and revered by  
time,  
He, as the Comet, whose portentous light  
Spread baleful splendor o'er the glooms of  
night,  
With chill amazement fills the startled  
breast,  
While storms and earthquakes dire its  
course attest,  
And Nature trembles, lest in chaos hurled,  
Should sink the tottering fabric of the  
world,  
Thou, like the Sun, whose kind propitious  
ray  
Opens the glad morn and lights the fields of  
day,  
Disperses the wintry storm, the chilling rain,  
With rich abundance clothes the smiling  
plain,  
Gives all creation to rejoice around,  
And life and light extends o'er Nature's  
smiling bound.

Though shone thy life a model bright of  
praise,  
Not less the example bright thy death por-  
trays.  
When, plunged in deeper, woe, around thy  
bed,  
Each eye was fixed, despairing sunk each  
head,  
While Nature struggled with severest  
pain,  
And scarce could life's last lingering pow-  
ers retain;  
In that dread moment, awfully serene,



No trace of suffering marked thy placid  
mien,  
No groan, no murmuring plaint, escaped  
thy tongue,  
No lowering shadows on thy brows were  
seen,  
But calm in Christian hope, undamped  
with fear,  
Thou sawest the high reward of virtue  
near,  
On that bright mead in surest trust re-  
posed,  
As thy firm hand thine eyes ex-  
piring  
closed,  
Pleased, to the will of Heaven resigned thy  
breath,  
And smiled as Nature's struggles closed  
in death.



## The Other Miss Elenor

A STORY FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY  
By Zelia Margaret Walters

**E**LIZABETH came down the walk  
with hands folded complacently  
and shining eyes fixed on the  
hem of her frock. She walked se-  
dately, because her sense of dignity  
forbade skipping for joy, as her feel-  
ings inclined. No wonder delight pos-  
sessed her. For the first time, in the  
two years since father had gone to the  
war, she wore a gown and cloak and  
hood without a patch, to say nothing  
of stout new shoes and warm home-  
spun petticoats.

Mrs. Noble, the captain's wife, had  
noted with kindly eyes that hard for-

door and the voices became silent.  
Who could they be? Capt. Noble was  
with Washington; it could not be he.  
And yet rumor spoke of the daring and  
skill of the captain in venturing into  
this very city. British possessed as it  
was, and gathering valuable informa-  
tion for his beloved general.

But Elizabeth's attention was at-  
tracted at this moment by a man who  
seemed to be following her. She was  
a brave, quick-witted child, but her  
heart beat faster as she perceived that  
the man was in British uniform. They  
were approaching a lonely part of the



"NOT SO FAST, LITTLE MISTRESS. YOU MUST WALK WITH ME NOW."

tune had assailed the absent soldier's  
little family. Her latest bounty had  
been to invite Elizabeth to the house,  
whence she issued clad in a complete  
outfit of little Miss Elenor's garments.  
Elizabeth's heart was full of grateful  
thoughts.

"I do so desire to serve Mrs. Noble,"  
she said, softly. Then her mind went  
back to a strange thing that occurred.  
While Mrs. Noble was fitting the gar-  
ments on her they had heard the  
voices of two men in an adjoining  
room. The lady went quickly to the

way, and Elizabeth walked faster; the  
man kept close behind her. She started  
to run, but before she had gone far  
his hand was on her shoulder.

"Not so fast, little mistress. You  
must walk with me now, and I will take  
your hand, to make sure of you. Do  
not fear. You will not be harmed if  
you are a good child."

Nothing more was said, and a little  
farther down the street he led her into  
a house. There were three men in  
British uniform in the room they en-  
tered. They whispered together a few

minutes and then the oldest one, a  
kindly-looking man, said:  
"Where is your father, child?"  
"With Washington, sir," came Eliza-  
beth's answer promptly.  
"Ah, yes! But when did he visit you  
last?" said the soldier.  
"Never since he went away, sir."  
The men whispered together again.  
One of them seemed angry.  
"I tell you the little rebel is lying,"  
he said, fiercely.

"Nay; but perhaps the captain's  
shrewd wife does not let the child know  
when he comes home," said another.  
Then Elizabeth understood instant-  
ly why she had been brought here. She  
had come from Mrs. Noble's house and  
was dressed in little Miss Elenor's  
clothes. The men had taken her for  
Miss Elenor and were trying to find  
out about Capt. Noble. In her loyal  
heart she resolved never, never to be-  
tray her friends, not even if the sol-  
diers killed her for her silence. If  
she spoke at all she must tell the  
truth, for she had been taught that a  
lie was so terrible a thing that no re-  
spectable person would tell one under  
any consideration.

"Tell us how your father looks," said  
one of the men.

"He is taller than you and far more  
comely," said Elizabeth, promptly.  
"He has blue eyes and brown, curling  
hair and a mustache."

"I believe the child lies," cried the  
suspicious one again. "I have been  
told that the captain is dark."

"Sir," cried Elizabeth, "I would not  
tell a lie to save my life, nor for any-  
thing in the world."

"You are over-suspicious, Dale,"  
said the elder man. "These little re-  
bels are strictly brought up and regard  
truth as a jewel. Here, child, will you  
affirm, as God is hearing you, that you  
will tell only the truth?"

"I will," said Elizabeth, not won-  
dering.

"At what time did your mother send  
you to bed last night?"

"Very early, sir; before eight  
o'clock."

"Did you hear anything after you  
were in bed?"

"Yes, sir."  
"What was it?"

"I was awakened by hearing some-  
one ride up to the door."

"Did your mother talk to the per-  
son?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Did the voice sound like your  
father's?"

"No, sir. How could it be my father?  
He is with Washington."

"Did the person come in?"

"No, sir."  
"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, sir. I heard him ride away  
again."

"The slippery rebel has escaped us  
again," muttered one of the men.

"Who do you suppose this person  
was?" the questioner went on.

"I think it was Peter, the fish man,"  
said Elizabeth; "he often stops on his  
way home to sell mother some fish."

One of the men laughed at this, and  
one muttered an oath. After confer-  
ring together for a moment they pre-  
pared to go out.

"We will go straight to Squire Thor-  
nton's," said one; "if he left home last  
night he is almost sure to be there."

"Please may I go, sir?" said Eliza-  
beth.

"No," said one, "you must remain  
here till we return," and they went  
out, locking the door after them.

Poor Elizabeth sat there for some  
time fearing to move, but when the  
dusk began to deepen, she resolved to  
try to escape. This was no hard task  
to the active child, for the windows  
were unbarred and she soon climbed to  
the ground. Without pausing, she ran  
to Mrs. Noble's house. The lady her-  
self came to the door.

"Dear Mrs. Noble," Elizabeth gasped,  
"I don't know whether the captain is  
here or not, but if he is don't let him  
go to Squire Thornton's to-night, be-  
cause the British soldiers are going  
there to look for him."

Mrs. Noble drew her in the house and  
soon heard the whole story. She left  
the room quickly and when she re-  
turned she folded Elizabeth in her  
arms and said: "Heaven bless thee,  
my child." Then in a moment she  
added: "But you must go home now.  
Your mother will surely be anxious  
about you."

Black Pompey, a faithful house serv-  
ant, was sent as an escort this time, and  
Elizabeth reached home in safety.  
They found the mother greatly con-  
cerned over her daughter's long ab-  
sence, but when she had told the story  
of her experience, the mother voiced  
her thankfulness, and praised Eliza-  
beth for her tact and for her firmness  
in telling naught but the whole truth.

From that day on Mrs. Noble was  
Elizabeth's firm friend, and the little  
girl's name at the big house was "The  
other Miss Elenor."—Ladies' World,  
New York.

**Cultivate Peace and Harmony.**  
Observe good faith and justice to  
ward all nations; cultivate peace  
and harmony with all. Religion and  
morality enjoin this conduct; and  
can it be that good policy does not  
equally enjoin it? It will be worthy  
of a free, enlightened, and at no dis-  
tant period a great nation to give  
mankind the magnanimous and too  
novel example of a people always  
guided by an exalted justice and be-  
nevolence.—Washington, in his Fare-  
well Address.



## VICTIMS OF DRINK.

Are Crowding Our Jails and Asylums.  
A Horrible Testimony of the  
Saloon Evil.

Dr. F. Wainwright, superintendent of  
an idiot asylum in the metropolis, says:  
"Half the misery and wretchedness  
of human life, with much of the crime  
of the land, is but the outcome of an  
abnormal state of mind and morals  
produced by drink. Our asylums scream  
with alcohol and our prisons groan  
with its victims. Taken to excess, al-  
cohol is in its passage through the or-  
ganism everywhere equally a de-  
stroyer. Upon the brain and nervous  
system it is a direct poison, leading  
to formidable maniacal excitement or  
to chronic alcoholism, with its long  
train of symptoms betraying mental,  
moral and physical degradation—the  
whole man being reduced from a higher  
to a lower plane of existence. On the  
offspring the effects are disastrous.  
Children come into the world prenat-  
ally handicapped by hereditary taint,  
bearing the stigma or brandmarks of  
degeneracy, unfitted—mentally, mor-  
ally and physically—to hold their own



## WHERE WHISKY'S VICTIMS ARE FOUND.

In the struggle of life. Of all diseases,  
intemperance is one of the most preventable,  
and, in the present state of medical  
science, one of the most incurable.—  
Scottish Reformer.

## TEMPERATE ISLANDERS.

No One Uses Intoxicating Liquors or  
Smokes in the Pitcairn Islands.

There is always a spice of romance  
about the Pitcairn Islanders, and the  
report printed recently of the com-  
mander of his majesty's ship *Leander*,  
who lately visited the lonely settle-  
ment, is very interesting. In some re-  
spects, at all events, the islanders seem  
to be a model community. A parlia-  
ment of seven manages affairs. Men,  
women and children are described as  
in robust health; indeed, disease  
among them is almost unknown.  
Whether this is due to the fact that  
"the leading people prefer to continue  
as hitherto without medicines of any  
sort," we cannot say. Then, no one  
smokes or uses intoxicating liquor;  
food and water on the island are abun-  
dant; the adult males give all their  
labor from five a. m. until two p. m., to  
work for the public good; and all but  
general content, if not great prosper-  
ity, seems to prevail. The only thing  
that appears to be troubling these vol-  
untary exiles is a surplus of females.  
Perhaps, however, when the trade  
which it is intended to open up between  
Pitcairn Island and Tahiti gets in full  
swing the balance of the sexes may be-  
come more nearly adjusted.—*Westminster Gazette*.

## FACTS AND REASON

The life of the saloon depends on the  
death of souls.—*Ram's Horn*.

It is useless for our soldiers to fight  
our foes abroad while our saloons fos-  
ter them at home.—*Ram's Horn*.

The drunkard carries the disregard-  
ed danger signal half way between his  
lustful eyes and his devouring mouth.  
—*Ram's Horn*.

The total religious revenue of the  
United Kingdom is estimated at £25,  
000,000 per annum. The drink bill of  
the United Kingdom amounted last  
year to £160,891,718, which is over six  
times the sum raised for religious pur-  
poses.

Dr. David Paulson, a Chicago nerve  
specialist, declares that much drunk-  
enness, especially in young men, is  
caused by highly-spiced food, and the  
use by cooks of pepper, mustard and  
similar relishes. To this also the doc-  
tor attributes the cigarette habit.

The New Leaf is a quarterly just  
launched by the patients of Willard  
hospital, a newly-opened home for in-  
ebriates at Bedford, Mass. The New  
Leaf is issued to interest the general  
public in the question of temperance  
reform and inspire those who are vic-  
tims to the drink habit with hope of  
rescue.

## NON-ALCOHOLICS IN MEDICINE.

Doctor's Testimony After an Experi-  
ence of Thirty-Four Years in  
the Medical Profession.

There is no provision made in the hu-  
man economy for the toleration of al-  
cohol. It is an irritant poison of great  
magnitude, from which no one can en-  
scape, because it aggravates the condi-  
tion which it is given to relieve, besides  
creating an appetite for itself which  
otherwise would not exist.

Alcohol is not acted upon by the gas-  
tric juice, but is carried through the  
system unaltered in its character by  
contact with the various secretions of  
the body. It cannot, therefore, be as-  
similated, consequently does not enter  
into the constituent properties of the  
body.

That which is not assimilated can-  
not be counted as food, because it does  
not repair waste, and is lacking in sus-  
taining power. Alcohol may generate a  
fifteen energy, but the value of energy  
is estimated by its enduring quality.  
The spirit of strength which alcohol  
gives is devitalizing, leaving the sys-  
tem weaker than it found it, being  
based upon that law of physics which  
declares that action and reaction are  
always equal.

Alcohol can never be a medicine be-  
cause its mission is to consume sub-  
stance, harden tissue and pervert func-  
tion, possessing no compensating bene-  
fits in its malignant nature. Only the  
unscientific mind will prescribe al-  
cohol, there being neither sense nor  
science in expecting a salutary action  
from its administration. Alcohol may  
temporarily palliate pain; it never  
cures diseased conditions. Palliation  
is always followed by a reaction which  
introduces complications far more vi-  
tal than the original trouble, adding fuel  
to the fire.

Alcohol is a false friend; even in  
emergency it never relieves a patient  
that there was not something better  
adapted to the case. Something more  
permanent in its power for good could  
have been given, and to which no after-  
effects would be attached, because res-  
toration to normal balance is not its  
province. The system has less to con-  
tend with during suffering when tak-  
ing nothing, than it has when taking  
the wrong thing.

The doctor who prescribes alcohol in  
any shape demonstrates his ignorance  
of the nature of disease and the nature  
of cure. A sick person is in more or  
less of a defective state of health, has  
less resistance to unfavorable influ-  
ences, and should be tenderly protected  
from baneful risks. Alcohol is aggres-  
sive, inflammatory and intolerant in  
its effects on the human body. Make  
too hot a fire under a defective boiler  
and we all know what happens to the  
boiler!

The doctrine of total abstinence  
from alcohol under all circumstances,  
is not the product of sentiment or be-  
lief; it is based on a scientific truth  
borne out by accumulated facts  
through experiment and extensive ob-  
servation. All assertions to the con-  
trary spring from either a willful mis-  
interpretation of the truth, or a gross,  
culpable and inexcusable ignorance.  
After an experience of 34 years, unbi-  
ased by prejudice, seeking only sub-  
stantial facts, I am compelled to say  
that alcohol occupies no legitimate  
place in medicine.—Alice B. Campbell,  
M. D., in *Union Signal*.

## THE HOT MILK CURE.

One Instance in Which This Simple  
Remedy Brought Victim of  
Alcohol Back to Life.

Miss M. A. Crosby, of Lincoln, Cal., in  
a letter to the *Union Signal* gives the  
following experience with hot milk as a  
cure for alcoholism:

"It was my great good fortune to see  
at one time the successful treatment  
of a severe case of delirium tremens by  
the simple use of hot milk. The man  
was so sodden with liquor as to be in  
danger of death, and a physician whom  
he consulted told him that nothing  
could prolong his life more than a few  
months except a complete change in  
his habits of drinking. The man was  
by no means ready to die. He at once  
hired a policeman at five dollars a day  
to keep liquor from him and him from  
liquor, with the further proviso that  
payment be forfeited in case of failure.  
The battle began.

"Day after day and night after night  
the struggle went on. Not a morsel of  
food could be retained, and, with the  
raging fever, the sick man was at last  
brought close to death. The attending  
physician did not expect him to last  
through the night. In despair a W. C.  
T. U. woman was consulted, who sug-  
gested hot milk. The doctor said he  
had heard of that, but had never seen  
it tried. However, it could do no harm,  
and so some milk was speedily heated  
and carried to the sufferer. The very  
first sip seemed to put new life into  
him, and he greedily took all he was  
allowed. He made a most excellent re-  
covery, and the craving for alcohol  
seemed wholly conquered.

"So much was he impressed with the  
cure that as soon as he was able to  
travel he purchased a bottle, a tin cup  
and a lamp, and these, with the quart  
of milk, renewed every morning and  
night, went with him for months in all  
his journeyings, and I do not know but  
he carries them yet."